We cannot leave this number, that for September, by the way, without expressing our particular gratification in Mr. John Addington Symonds' article on "Realism and Idealism". Like the other, its subject is old. The treatment, however, is distinctively original, and the thought is just what is needed. The subject is dealt with as it affects art in sculpture and painting, but the author's ideas are equally applicable to literature, and in this connection they are no less timely. The aim is to show that the two qualities, instead of being inherently antagonistic, are really very near akin—"twin sisters," as Mr. Symonds expresses it,—and that the perfection of art is reached when the two are so combined that neither is obstrusively present or conspicuously absent. This idea receives our unreserved approval, and we sincerely wish that Mr. Symonds or another writer of equal force and ability, if such another there be, may take up the subject from a literary standpoint and permit the public to have the benefit of his thought. The advocates of each school are equally at fault; the Idealists, because they imagine that a slovenly inattention to details is necessary in order that the imagination may not be hampered or the thoughts come too near real life, for in this way, they think, would an element of sublimity be lost; the Realists also, for to them the evil in life seems in direct contrast to idealism, and hence it must be the real. While these schools exist reaction must follow reaction, for the public can never tolerate a prolonged stay of either. The pendulum must continue to vibrate, but, we think, it will at length find the happy medium and be content therewith. Are the Realists justifiable in insisting that ugliness and vice are the characteristics of life; and are not the Idealists at fault when they suppose that sublimity consists in ignoring nature? Both these views are cynical, and unworthy minds whose province is to please, content, and instruct. If this life is a school of preparation for a happy existence hereafter, and even the Realists admit this, certainly our Master cannot deem it wise to give us no intimation of what is to come. Truly, "The whole history of the world proves that the good possesses more of reality, more of promanence, than the bad."

Then there is another class of Realists which devotes its attention to the silly rather than that which is really evil. The latterthey never attempt. Their works consist almost entirely of efforts to report *verbatim* the flimsiest prattle of the most brainless society. There is neither plot nor thought. Mr. Boyesen attempts to account for this class of works by saying that they are "written for the girls." *Is* this what the girls wish? If so, there is an excuse for the writers.

As a summary:—'A writer should not aim at producing a mere bare copy of his subject at some accidental moment, for he knows that the thing itself is better than such a copy would be. He should attempt to sieze and reveal its character at the very best, to represent what it strives to be, to express its truest truth, not what is transitory and conditioned by circumstance, but what is permanent and freed from limitations in it.' Idealism, when sound and healthy, is only Realism in the intensest phase of veracity; it is truth quintessenced and raised to the highest power."

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The poetical world still imitates the ancient Grecian masters. Homer's Iliad has been the model for all heroic poetry extending over the period from Virgil to the present time. Paradise Lost, the greatest Christian epic of modern times, owes its style to Grecian art. Not only is this seen in its form, but even in its substance, it mingles its biblical story with the legends of the Middle Ages and those of mythology. In the drama the influence of the Greek mind has been felt more. Aeschylus and Sophocles are the masters of tragedy who have done more than any others, and since their day, tragic poetry has been chiefly imitations of them. The Renaissance was the revival of antique models. Everything that was ancient was eagerly sought for, and imitation not invention became, in a greater degree than before the law of genius. Literary productions were judged, not according to their intrinsic merit, but in proportion to their conformity to the ancient style. This gave an impetus to literary imitation and led to the rise of the classic movements, whose influence is felt even in the literature of today. Even the influence which has spread since the time of the French Revolution has not counteracted that of the classics. To be sure, poets like Browning have arisen who strive to throw off entirely the ancient yoke, and gradually literature is becoming emancipated. But in the realm of lyrical poetry, the moderns have, to a large extent, freed themselves from the domination of the old classic models, and here it is that the spirit of poetry attains the highest success. The elegiac and lyrical poetry of modern times excels anything of the sort in Greek literature. There is an individuality of character and purpose, and a purity of sentiment unknown to the ancients. There is shown a higher form of virtue than physical courage and prowess, an inner, rather than an outward beauty and love rather than passion. There is a worship of nature for its own sake, while the Greeks spiritualized natural forces and objects. Shey invested the realm of nature with invisible living beings, the creatures of their imagination. The Greeks were worshipers of themselves, of the ideal man who was a Greek, and each imagined that he was the most perfect realization of that ideal; they adored beauty, especially that of the human form. They endowed their divinities with the ordinary attributes and passions of human nature, and clothed them with the perfection of human forms. But nature to the moderns means only admiration of hills, rivers and flowers. One school of poets regards nature as one great plan of which man is only an element, and of no more importance than the beasts or birds. But another change is being acomplished. The theme of poetry is man and human nature. Nature is now the back ground of the picture and only when the aspects of nature are used to interpret the varying moods and exercises of the soul, are they worthy to be the poet's theme.

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The philosopy of Socrates is thought by some to be that of the Sophists. This is a mistake. He was modest and humble, while they were flippant and arrogant. His favorite recreation was to encounter them, corner them, and show them up for the amusement of others. But Socrates never pretended to be a teacher so much as an inquirer of philosophy, and he had no ambition to found a system. He was often seen in the market house, among shops and booths, conversing with any who came in his way. His place was among men in every vocation and condition of life—living for others.

As to his particular doctrines it is hard to say, as he wrote nothing himself, and disowns many of the sentiments ascribed to him. He believed in the Grecian mythology, but regarded them as divinities inferior to one supreme God, who coincided with the God of the Christian religion. His theory of the immortality of the soul was in opposition to the general belief of the ancients, but he held to it firmly. His idea of virtue is defective, as he held knowledge and virtue, ignorance and vice, to be the same. Still he urged the practice of virtue and denounced vice. He says: "If we would deserve the favor of the All-seeing Power, that delights only in goodness, if we would be happy here and hereafter, we must live purely, temperately and justly, and seek virtue more than riches,